FONTENOY,

A NEW

SATIRIC BALLAD.

To the TUNE of *Bumpers 'Squire Jones.*

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BRITISH MUSEUM

FONTENOY,

A NEW

BALLAD.

I.

YE brave *Britons* all,
Who rejoice to be told of your Country's Fame,
Attend to the Call
Of one not delighted,
Nor very much frighted,
Be who will to blame.
To be ſure from *Font'noy*,
You expected with Joy,
To hear we had broke all thoſe proud *Frenchmen*'s Bones;
But with all our great Clatter,
We did no ſuch Matter,
But loſt all our Claret, and Bumpers '*Squire Jones*.

II.

E'en let us not pine,
Diſaſters are ever attendant on War;
Nor whimper nor whine
For our Countrymen loſt,
But our Troops to re'nforce
Be inſtant our Care:
Relinquiſh all Sorrow,
Who knows but To-morrow,
Brave *William* will change the Monſieurs high Tones:
Another fair Battle
May make their Bones rattle,
Then away with their Claret, in Bumpers, *&c.*

II.

III.

Our Troops were ſo bold,
They encounter'd the *Frenchmen* like Lions pell-mell:
To their Praiſe be it told,
Of thoſe noble Commanders,
Who that Day in *Flanders*
Unfortunate fell.
Had our good Friends the *D——ch*,
But attempted as much,
And not ſtood to be bang'd like dull ſtupid Drones,
We had then won the Day,
And relieving *Tournay*,
Rejoic'd with good Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

IV.

Ye mighty *Mynheers*,
Who ſo valiantly fight in your Country's Cauſe;
As plainly appears
By your running away,
On that fatal Day,
When we gain'd Applauſe.
Had General *W——ck*
But broken his Neck,
E'er you he commanded, then e'ery one owns,
We had not been deceiv'd,
But *Tournay* had reliev'd,
And quaff'd it in Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

V.

Ye *Germans* ſo ſtout,
Who ſo valiant behav'd, and gain'd ſuch Fame,
As muſt without doubt,
From all Cowardice,
Or any unjuſt Lies,
Strait retrieve your Name.
Continue to behave
So couragious and brave,
That with Honour at laſt you return to your Homes:
Then ſend back but our K—g,
And we'll inſtantly ſing,
And away to our Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

VI.

Ye haughty *Monſieurs*,
That often diſturb with your Pride *Europe*'s Peace;
Tho' the Day it is yours,
Be warn'd by my Rhime,
To return home in Time,
And let Diſcord ceaſe.
As *Lewis le Grand*,
We ſo often have bang'd,
Be gone while you're ſafe, and 'ſcape with whole Bones;
Leſt our Allies uniting,
We beat you at fighting,
And take all your Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

VII.

VII.

Tho' *Marlborough* is gone,
You need not to doubt but we've Generals ſtore;
When *William* leads on,
We'll make you to run,
As we have oftentimes done,
Out of *Flanders* before.
Your Trenches forſake,
And the Field boldly take,
Then you quickly ſhall change all your gay, joyful Tones;
You glad to knock under,
Oh! how we will plunder,
And drink up your Claret in Bumpers, *&c.*

VIII.

Ye *Engliſh* and *Scots*,
Such Cannon-Proof Courage you ſhew'd at *Font'noy*;
Tho' hard was your Lots,
Accept of our Praiſe,
Your Valour to raiſe,
The *French* to deſtroy.
We'll ſoon you recruit
To help you to do't,
With brave *Britiſh* Lads, not Butter-box Drones;
Then attack ye the *French*,
Tho' e'er ſo much intrench'd,
And away with their Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

IX.

Ye Soldiers abroad
That delight to perform bold heroic Deeds;
Give Merit its Laud;
For know that the beſt
Cannot promiſe Succeſs
Will Valour ſucceed.
As for *In*————*by*,
Hang him up to ſome Tree,
As high as you've heighten'd your antient Renowns;
And there leave him ſtinking,
While each ſhall be drinking,
His Paſſport in Claret and Bumpers, *&c.*

X.

Ye Soldiers at home,
That have the good Fortune in *Britain* to ſtay,
Be ready to roam
In your Country's Cauſe,
To gain great Applauſe,
And baniſh Diſmay.
Let it ne'er be forgot
How likely's your Lot,
Soon to ſhew that you ſcorn to ſleep in whole Bones;
Drink to thoſe brave Commanders,
That are now in *Flanders*,
With Bottles of Claret and Bumpers, *&c.*

XI.

XI.

Ye People ſo poor,
That can hardly afford to buy yourſelves Food:
What wou'd ye have more?
You ſurely may find,
Work enough if inclin'd,
To do *Europe* good.
Stay not now to be preſt,
But ſtraightway go enliſt,
That you get ſomewhat more for ſure broken Bones;
Attack bravely the *French*,
Tho' ſo ſtrongly intrench'd,
And away with their Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

XII.

Ye Merchants ſo rich,
Whoſe Intereſt lies in ſupporting our Trade;
Whoſe Fingers ſtill itch
To gain ſomewhat more,
For encreaſing your Store,
Tho' your Fortune is made.
But conſider the War,
Do not venture too far,
Leſt your Ships ſhould return you but ſad diſmal Tones,
From *France* or from *Spain*,
Whence they'll ne'er come again,
To bring you more Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

XIII.

Ye Clergy ſo wiſe,
Who faſt and who pray for our Peace once a Year,
To aid the Supplies,
Do but furniſh your Pence,
It will ſhew a juſt Senſe
For your Country dear.
You that have a good Living
Should always be giving,
To eaſe thoſe that maintain ſuch clerical Drones:
Let your Good-will then ſhine,
Always the Text moſt divine,
And leave off your Claret and Bumpers, *&c.*

XIV.

Ye Patriots ſincere,
Who ſcorning of Places accept of the beſt:
In leſs than a Year
Can leave off your Railings
At *Miniſter*'s Failings,
And act like the reſt.
Encreaſe not our Jars
By *Hanover* Wars,
Which cauſe in our Pockets ſuch deep hollow Groans:
Speedy bring about Peace,
That our Trade may encreaſe,
And we'll toaſt you in Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

XV.

XV.

Ye Placemen ſo great,
That ſwagger and ſtrut with Titles and Poſts;
Tho' it be our Fate
To labour each Day,
To be able to pay
Your annual Coſts.
Regard our Diſtreſs,
Make your Salaries leſs,
That our Families make not ſuch deperate Moans:
Think of us in Time,
E'en when over your Wine,
A drinking in Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

XVI.

Ye Senators all,
Of whatever Title, high Rank or Degree;
Who attend on a Call,
From whatever Station,
For good of the Nation,
Without Bribe or Fee.
Now that you're gone down,
Each one to his Town,
To take the Delights of your Fox-hunting *Jones*:
Theſe wiſh that Succeſs,
Our Endeavours may bleſs,
And crown it with Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

XVII.

Ye *Courtiers* ſo true,
That politely can cringe, fawn, flatter and bow:
How happy are you,
That riſe to be great,
Both in *Church* and *State*;
But 'tis no matter how.
Some Good to us bring,
And intreat back the K—g,
By ſending him *England*'s ſad Sighs and ſad Groans;
Or reſign each his Place,
'Twill be no Diſgrace,
Tho' you miſs of your Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

XVIII.

Ye Stateſmen profound,
Whoſe Heads are for ever on Politicks bent:
How are you renown'd,
In ſo juſt a Cauſe,
To acquire great Applauſe,
Such Heroes you ſent?
Had you but ſo much
As perſuaded the *D——ch*,
With reſolute Hearts to have ventur'd their Bones,
How glorious you'd ſhine,
And Healths then in Wine,
We'd toaſt it in Claret, and Bumpers, *&c.*

XIX.

XIX.

Ye great ones at Helm,
Who ſo happily rule the Rudder of State;
For the Good of this Realm,
Doing all that is Right,
Tho' you gain nothing by't,
How noble and great!
May a Bleſſing ſucceed
To each good-natur'd Deed,
You do for us little, poor *fatherleſs* ones;
Encreaſe but our Wealth,
And we'll pray for your Health,
With Honour, in Claret, and Bumpers *'Squire Jones.*

F I N I S.

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